

# Floyd Gibbons'

## ADVENTURERS' CLUB

HEADLINES FROM THE LIVES  
OF PEOPLE LIKE YOURSELF!



### "Secret of the Tides"

By FLOYD GIBBONS

Famous Headline Hunter

HELLO everybody! Here's a yarn that can be told now, for a long time it was a secret. Frederick V. Fell of Bronx, N. Y., is spinning the yarn for us and he's letting it out of the bag now because—well—I guess it's because Fred has grown too old to be spanked by this time, so it doesn't make much difference who knows it.

Fred says he can't trot out any adventure story laid in some glamorous place like India, or North Africa, but he sure had a honey of a thrill once out at Rockaway beach. And as a matter of fact, I'd just as soon have a yarn from Rockaway as I would from Rio or Rhodesia. For as Fred says, it isn't where it happens, but what happens, that counts. So here she comes—and hold onto your hats.

Fred was just fourteen years old when, in 1924, his folks rented a cottage at Rockaway for the summer. Fred and his brother Harvey had never been around the water much before that, but they made up for lost time. They spent every spare minute in the big drink, and in two weeks both of them had learned to swim.

It was about that time that a strong blow set in from seaward and the ocean began to kick up and get rough. Fred's parents, playing safe, took to bathing in Jamaica bay, about twenty blocks inland from the ocean, and Fred and his brother Harvey did the same. It was shortly after that that Fred's cousins from the city came down one Sunday morning, and they hadn't been there ten minutes before all four of those kids were in their bathing suits and on their way to the bay.

### Caught in a Death-Dealing Riptide!

Near the point where Fred and Harvey always went in swimming was a long pier with a diving board on the end of it. They had never used that pier before, because mother and dad had forbidden them to swim around it. But this Sunday Fred wanted to show off his newly acquired proficiency at swimming before his city cousins, and with a yell of, "Last



The pier kept getting farther away every second.

man in is a monkey's uncle," he ran down the pier, onto the diving board and out into the water, with Harvey right behind him.

"We both came up nicely about a yard apart," Fred says, "and turned around to swim back to the pier. And then my heart stopped beating! That pier was about a hundred yards away and it kept getting farther away every second. In that same moment we both knew what had happened. We had jumped into a racing, surging rip-tide that was sweeping us out into the deepest part of the bay and toward Broad channel."

The tide was carrying them out at express-train speed and only a man who has been caught in one can realize how powerful a rip-tide can be. For a few seconds the kids drifted, and then they began trying to swim back. "But bucking that tide was like trying to dam a flood with a matchstick," Fred says. "Harvey and I tried to join hands and hold each other up, but in another minute we were torn apart and drifting away from each other. Harvey shouted to me to turn over on my back and float, but I didn't know how to float. Treading water madly, I started shouting for help."

### Lucky Fred Encounters Real Hero.

Away off in the distance, Fred could see people dashing about excitedly. One man ran swiftly along the pier Fred had just left, and jumped off the end. Swimming strongly and swept along by the tide he slowly caught up to Fred, and as he came up, Fred was almost in hysterics, crying, "Save me, mister—save me!"

That fellow was a good swimmer and a resourceful man. He told Fred to put his hands on his back and kick the water. "I did this," Fred says, "and he set off diagonally toward shore, fighting the tide with tremendous effort. Meanwhile, my cousins on shore had not been idle. Yelling like mad they ran down the beach until they came to a rowboat with two girls sitting in it. The girls launched the boat and, rowing with the tide, soon picked up my brother. My rescuer changed his course and made for the boat, and soon we too were pulled in. The three of us who had been in the water lay on the boat bottom, breathless and exhausted, but apparently safe. The girls started to row back."

But do you notice how Fred says APPARENTLY safe? The truth was that they weren't out of trouble yet, by a long shot. The girls started to row, but anybody who has rowed a boat against any kind of a tide at all knows it is no easy job. And here was one of those express-train tides carrying along a boat loaded down with five people. The girls made no headway at all. In fact, for every two feet they went forward they drifted back five. And ahead of them was the channel—and the ocean. "It began to look," says Fred, "as if that tide would be the winner after all—and this time with five victims instead of two."

### Safe!—Six Miles From Starting Point.

But the man who had saved Fred wasn't the sort to give up easily. He was just about all in, but he pulled himself together. He grabbed one oar, while the two girls worked the other. Then all three of them started rowing frantically to beat that tide—to get the boat to shore before it could be swept out into the ocean and foundered by the roaring breakers.

Bit by bit they approached the shore, but at the same time they were approaching the channel too. They were practically in the shadow of the Broad Channel bridge, and not very far from the ocean when at last they got to shore. "And the spot where we landed," says Fred, "was a good six miles from Sixty-fourth street where Harvey and I had jumped into the bay."

And then came the solemn and secret oath. Fred says if his folks had ever found out what happened they'd have quit the seashore that same night. And I've got a sneakin' hunch that maybe Fred and Harvey might have got a good licking for going off the end of that pier in defiance of parental orders. Anyway, everybody in the crowd, including the two city cousins, promised they'd never tell a word, and if Fred's ma and dad ever learn about it, it's because—well—because they read the Adventurers' club column, too.

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### Body Must Have Salt

Perspiration is chiefly water, but it contains a fair amount of salt which is discharged from the body. The body is constantly absorbing salt and getting rid of it again, but the operation of absorption and discharge must be so balanced as to insure a regular quantity of salt in the body at all times. Salt is necessary for the body and lack of it may be serious. Human blood contains exactly the same amount of salt as sea water—unquestionable evidence that man originally came out of the sea, says a writer in Pearson's London Weekly.

### About Noses

The nose that is squat or flat, or negro type, indicates an animal mind devoid of finer feelings. The nose that sags in the middle shows a similar nature, cruel and treacherous. Pointed noses are "sticky beaks," says a writer in Pearson's London Weekly. This applies to all sharp features. Like knives and spears, they penetrate. These subjects are objectionably inquisitive and are liable to read your letters if you leave them about. If the nose is long and thin as well it shows a narrow mind—sometimes found in the "religious hypocrite."

## BEAUTY'S DAUGHTER

By

Kathleen Norris

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### CHAPTER XV—Continued

Vicky's eyes found the little round violet puncture of the bullet hole in the flawless marble temple. Serena's sleeping face was placid, but the once scarlet mouth was pale and flecked with blood, and the beautiful pale gold hair was loosened into a careless cascade that hung in a web over the side of the bed. There was a horrible sprawling relaxation in her position, a dreadful mysterious shuntness in the colorless lips that made Vicky tremble.

"Is there anything to do, Quent?" "Not now." He did not turn from his contemplation of the wreck of what had been so soft, so lovely and alluring and fragrant and warm only a few hours ago. "No, it was instantaneous, Vic," he muttered.

"Killed herself!" "She thought he was dead, d'you see?" the older man supplied suddenly. "The Chinese woman had come out of his room. It was while we were all in the hall there, awhile back, when we all thought that poor Morrison had no chance."

"I thought, from the way you all talked," Quent said, "that he was! I was amazed when Amah said he wanted to see me. And certainly she must have thought so. Poor woman!"

An hour later Victoria and Quent walked across the Morrisons' side garden, and through the gate into the lane and through their own gate. A perfect spring dawn was strengthening over the world now; it was four o'clock; the east was flushed with exquisite delicate pink, against which shoals and galleons of delicate silver and gray and paler gray cloud made long bars.

"I feel—reborn," Vicky said. "Reborn. I'm terribly grateful, Vic," Quent said.

"Oh, grateful! If you knew what I was thinking of all night long. Every horror that anyone can imagine seemed to be sweeping over me. I had you in jail; I had us all moving to some remote place."

"Perhaps you think I didn't, Vic, while we were working over him. Perhaps you think I didn't have a chance to think how I'd taken my life and destroyed it with my two hands. But thank God it's all over now!"

"I am tired. Quent, doesn't the tea for the Vienna doctors and our lunch at the St. Francis seem longer ago than yesterday?"

"That wasn't yesterday!" he exclaimed.

"That's all it was." "My God," he said again, struck. "She did it, didn't she, Quent?"

"Yes," he said with a serious look. "I guess she did."

"Her killing herself!"—The words sounded so strange that Vicky had to stop short and think of them—"her killing herself looked as if she did," she mused.

"She had that—I don't know what to call it—ruthless quality," Quent said. "She went over any obstacle that was in her way."

"He roused the very worst in her; he always did," Victoria mused. "He seemed to sit back and laugh at her, and he never let her have enough money even to get away. She told me—she came to see me every few days, you know—that she had to charge even her lunches at hotels. That day she seemed to me desperate. She looked so beautiful, too; she was in a sort of corn color, and her eyes looked so blue. Mother said after she left, 'All dressed up and nowhere to go!' I suppose it was death-life to her to live in that quiet country house."

Quent nodded, listening. "You've been a trump all night long, Vic," he said, after a while. "If you'd been like most women, and refused to go over there, we might be in bad trouble this morning. If you were like most women, you'd have kicked me out years ago. I don't know why you act the way you do, but I want you to know—this sounds damn flat—but I want you to know that I admire you and that I'm grateful! I owe everything I've got in the world to you. I'm just beginning to realize that it's an awful lot. You know I'm not good at speeches, but when I think about you—and this is what I wanted to tell you—I get all choked up. I'm—I'm grateful."

"Thank you, Quent!" Vic said from the other end of the table.

"We'll go on here, and some day I'll have a chance to show you that I'm changed," Quent said. "It's taken me a long time to wake up. I've been a fool. I did the rottenest thing to you a man can do to his wife; it's just my luck, it's my incredible luck that you've—well, I won't say forgiven me; you don't forget those things, and you can't

forgive them—but that you've worked it out your way."

"You did something of which you are ashamed," she said simply. "I—didn't. Why should there be any question of forgiveness? If I did something—something wrong, tomorrow—you'd be sorry—you'd think a little the less of me; but you wouldn't be personally touched because I forged a check—your own honor would be just what it was! My life isn't yours, I'm me."

"I wish to the Lord you would do something dumb," Quent said with ineloquent force, after a pause.

"I sound smug," Vicky said, "but I'm not. And I do dumb things every day. Thousands of them. There were months—there were actual years when your home life was nothing but mistakes, nerves, uproar, my crying and being tired and sick, the children going into mumps and whooping cough, bills piling up."

"But, good heavens, Vic, what's that!" the man said roughly, in impatience. "What's all that compared to the other thing, compared to hurting your pride, and killing your love for me, and putting the thought of another woman eternally between us? Why, lots of the fellows go home to women who are extravagant and nagging and nervous, and who don't have a houseful of gorgeous kids to show for it! There's no comparison between the two."

"I think there is. I think nagging and extravagance and nerves are serious things too, and I think women who won't have children, who hate home, who are always running about with other men, are just as bad! Even if they don't go to the limit—even if they fool along, getting everything they can out of a



"Killed Herself!"

man and then stopping short, never giving anything—it seems to me detestable," Vic said. "My own temptations are different," she added. "I think maybe I'm a mother first and a wife afterward; I've never gone in for pink baby pillows and long-legged dolls!"

"The words brought back with a moment of horror the memory of her last sight of Serena's bedroom, and she was still.

"Serena loved you," she said thoughtfully, in the silence.

"She never loved anyone but herself," Quent said. "Everything she said and did revolved about that. She loved her own beauty and power. She used them to get what she wanted. I knew it, after a while. Morrison must have discovered it as soon as they were married. Her first husband tried twice to kill himself. She was cold and vain, poor girl! And she was the woman," he ended, "for whom I broke your heart!"

[THE END]

## In our next issue!

# CATTLE KINGDOM

by Alan Le May

A new story of the West . . . cattle ranges . . . adventure . . . romance—and murder! It was murder that struck once, twice, three times . . . a series of puzzling crimes that made detectives out of cow punchers, that left the finger of suspicion pointed at innocent men. Here's an unusual drama that adds real mystery to the ever-thrilling story of outdoor life in the Rockies. You'll enjoy "Cattle Kingdom," a truly great story by a popular Western author—Alan Le May.

**Read Every Installment!**

## Fashion Is in Mood for All-White

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



AFTER all when it comes to looking your sweetest and prettiest is there anything in the way of a lovely party frock more flattering to endearing feminine charms than all-white? Really now, is there?

Evidently fashion feels the same way about it for with all the exciting, the glamorous, the esthetic, the hectic, the eye-appealing delectable tones and tints on the color card this season, comes all-white on the scene and the contest is on, written all over the style program and in big headlines—white versus color!

The chic and the charm and the immaculate nicety with which the all white costume dresses you up during the daytime hours is exceeded only by the magic and the irresistible loveliness of the dine-and-dance and the formal party frocks that designers are creating of frothy white silk sheers this summer such as mousseline de soies, silk organdies, finest dainty silk nets and soft "drapy" filmy chiffons that sway and flutter and dance to the strains of rapturous music.

Then there are the stiff silks that are such favorites and which require such queenly styling to do them justice. Their vogue in all white is outstanding with particular emphasis on gleaming white satin which this summer is more than ever holding sway in ballroom and at formal night functions. A most fascinating white silk satin gown is shown centered in the illustration. Its stately princess lines are delightfully in keeping with the exquisiteness of the fabric itself. The Jenny Lind shoulder line adds in-

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## RIBBONS TAKE ON ADDED IMPORTANCE

By CHERIE NICHOLAS

Ribbons have not been so important for a long time as they now are. They are used for sashes, for girdles, shoulder straps that are part of the design of the dress, for bandings and for entire jackets and toques.

Many of the better styled frocks and tailored suits have their edges finished with grosgrain ribbon bindings. The new idea of these bindings is carried out both in monotone and in contrasting effects. Beige finished with black or brown ribbon bindings is a favorite theme, also black bound with white grosgrain.

Perky velvet ribbon bows trim print frocks while many dress fronts are fastened with narrow tied ribbons. Ribbon trims on hats are widely advocated and there is considerable use of broad belting ribbon to artfully band high crowns.

## Use of All Kinds of Lace

Revived for Summer Wear

The use of all kinds of lace has been revived for summer wear. Helene Yranda uses pure white lace for a fitted deshabille which has enormously full, puffed sleeves to the elbow. The low cut front decollete is filled with doubled bands of chiffon in pale yellow and pale green.

These two colors are repeated in the chiffon sash which is twisted about the bodice Grecian fashion, and tied in back with the floating chiffon streamers hanging in back and forming a suggestion of a train.

## Use Pink Chiffon Roses to Trim Evening Jacket

Pale pink roses of shaded chiffon are applied cleverly as trimming on an evening jacket of sheer, white chiffon in the new Schiaparelli collection. The same type roses are used as a back shoulder yoke on a blue satin evening cape.

Pale yellow and green chiffon is used effectively to make sprays of mimosa applied on a white organdie evening gown.

describable charm and the square-necked neckline and the majestic sweep of the skirt so expertly styled so as to slenderize at the same time that it achieves a full hemline, are all details that glorify. The sophisticated simplicity of this gown and the elegance of the all-silk satin are its big appeal.

An interesting feature about present party dresses is that their silhouettes go to such extremes. Some are sheathlike to the knees with flaring hemlines and slenderized fitted waistlines, while others are that bouffant it requires yards and yards of material to make them. For the airy-fairy types that are so enchanting and so beloved this season by the younger set, vaporous filmy chiffons and billowy tulles and nets are the logical answer.

Beautifully draped in classic lines is the dress pictured to the left. It required yards and yards of white silk chiffon for its fashioning. The girdled straps of narrow ribbon reflect Greek influence.

To the right a most exquisite silk chiffon evening ensemble is shown. The girlish simplicity of this dainty gown and cape commends this costume to the young debutante. This lovely creation naively informs you that not all the honors are going to all-white for in this instance the chiffon is in the new exquisite desert dawn tint, which is a delicate pink shade that is too lovely for words. The gown has a halter neck which is most becoming to the wearer. The cape is grace itself. By the way, you really should have a cape of chiffon or of net or of some type of silk sheer to wear with lingerie dresses, for the transparent cape is one of fashion's pet vanities this summer.

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## NET OVER PRINT

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



Broad brimmed hats which fashion has decreed for summer wear combine well with this type of black net worn over an underslip of gay print on dark background. It is made with puff sleeves and sailor collar. Catalin costume jewelry, including a bow clip-brooch and bangle bracelets in the new "pepper and salt" design by Schiaparelli add chic to this costume. The hat is of black baku with a large white poppy.